

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BETHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Compton.*



JACK SALTER ENJOYS A CUP OF TEA.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—A COMFORTABLE TEA.

"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

—*Dibdin's Sea Songs.*

"Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin."—*Shakespeare.*

CAPTAIN CHUBB was resolved to lose no time
in calling upon Mr. Goldie and expressing his

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feelings with respect to the information which John Peterson had conveyed to him. "When a man has been sailing on the wrong tack and finds it out, the sooner he acknowledges it, and goes about, the better;" such was his reflection as he walked home to Little Tower Hill that evening: and the following day, as soon as the office was open, he "made" Lombardy Court, and sat down in John Peterson's room to have a little chat with him and Mr. Jones, while waiting the arrival of the firm.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I would not say much to Mr. Goldie if I were you," said Mr. Jones; "he is a man who thinks more than he says; and being quiet and reserved himself, it seems to put him out if any one makes a fuss; but you know what he is, Captain Chubb."

"I know him better than I did," the captain answered; "but I begin to doubt whether I know any one correctly. I have found out, however, that a good many men are better than their neighbours give them credit for. I won't annoy Mr. Goldie if I can help it; but I must have a word or two with him."

"You need not be uneasy, Captain Chubb," said John Peterson; "Mr. Goldie will be very glad to see you."

By this time the well-known footstep of the principal was heard upon the stairs; and as soon as he had entered his room and had taken his place at his table Captain Chubb presented himself at the door.

"Come in, captain," said the merchant; "I'm glad to see you." He did not look at him, however, but turned over his letters nervously, as if anxious to open them and read them.

"I've come about business, Mr. Goldie," said the captain. "I won't keep you long. I want to ask a favour of you, that's all."

"A favour, Captain Chubb?"

"Yes, Mr. Goldie; I want to ask you if you'll be so good as to think of me for a ship as soon as convenient."

Mr. Goldie rose to his feet, looked him in the face, and smiled.

"Captain Chubb," he said, "do you call that asking a favour? Why it's the very thing I've had upon my mind ever since you came back to England. I should have made you a proposal before now if—if—"

"I know all about it, Mr. Goldie; I beg your pardon for anything I may have said or thought."

"Oh, well, well; don't say another word. There's a ship building now, and almost ready to be launched; she is a very fine vessel too, and was intended for you from the day I bought her. My only fear was you would not take her."

"Thank you, Mr. Goldie; that's all I've got to say at present. I'd take her if she was a collier, from you."

"Oh, don't talk like that; there's no thanks due, no obligation on either side; at least, I won't say that; I won't say anything at present. I have got something to say, but not now, not here; you shall hear from me soon, Captain Chubb."

"Then good morning, Mr. Goldie."

"Good-bye for the present, Captain Chubb." They shook hands heartily, standing up and looking each other in the face for an instant. Then the captain turned and walked downstairs. He could not help thinking as he did so of a former visit, almost the last that he had made to that office, when Huxtable had insulted him, and he had strode out of the house, vowing never to set foot in it again, except on certain conditions which it was scarcely probable would ever be fulfilled. He was happy now. Goldie Brothers and himself were on their old footing; they had done what was right by one another, and had found out that neither of them ever intended to do otherwise. There had been faults on both sides, no doubt, but it was all right now.

The captain had another weighty piece of business on his hands, however, and that he feared would not

be so easily disposed of. He must run down again to Littlebar, and tell Val and his wife about his approaching marriage. It would be the kindest and best way, he thought, to go himself, but he shrank from meeting Mrs. Val, and he was afraid also lest he should find things going on less satisfactorily than he had hoped. His brother had not written lately, and he did not know how far the good resolutions which had been formed at his previous visit might have been kept. The captain felt that he must either go or write to Val immediately, but it was sorely against the grain with him to do either. He would have preferred writing, but did not like to feel himself a coward; besides, he had done good by going before and might do good again. Therefore, without saying a word to any one, he took a return ticket and went to Littlebar for one night. He need not have been uneasy. The house in Ship Street looked bright and cheerful when he reached it. There were clean blinds in the window, and when Mrs. Val opened the door to him he observed that she had shoes upon her feet instead of slippers, and wore a clean cap and apron. She was glad to see him, too, but would not let him go into the parlour. There was a lodger there, she whispered; a nice, quiet, respectable lady, who had come there for the benefit of the sea air, and was likely to stay with them some time. The kitchen was very comfortable now, she said, and it was pleasant to have some one near at hand when Val and the boys were out. "Val and the boys" were on the beach just then, so the skipper went after them, and found them getting ready to put off for the night, but brought them back with him, and they all spent a very pleasant evening together in the kitchen. There was a little uneasiness at one moment when the captain told them plainly he was going to be spliced after all. But Val said he was "very glad of it, for there was nothing like having a home of your own." And Mrs. Val was pleased to hear her husband say that, and soon became reconciled to what the captain had communicated. They were paying their way now, and living in tolerable comfort, and did not want the captain's money. Before, when they had spent and wasted all their own, they seemed to think they had a right to spend and waste other people's also, but now they had other ideas, and had begun to taste the sweets of independence. Besides, the captain had, in a manner, taken charge of Joe, and would make a man of him like himself, it might be hoped. He had told them of this grand new ship which was building for him, and Joe was to sail in it as an apprentice, and after three or four voyages would be a mate, and then, if he had good luck, or if, as the captain suggested would be better, he behaved himself and did his duty, in due time a skipper.

So the captain enjoyed this visit to Littlebar a great deal more than his former one. His old friends and neighbours, who heard of his arrival, dropped in one by one to shake hands with him and congratulate him, and Jim Stokes waited for him in the street, and asked him if he could not find him a berth as cabin-boy or something on board his fine new ship, which Captain Chubb thought would be easily managed if Jim Stokes the elder were agreeable; and it was settled that he should accompany Val's son to London when the ship should be ready for sea.

The next day Captain Chubb was invited to inspect the house, and to see how well the repairs

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had been executed. The pump was in good working order. The parlour had been nicely done up, and most of the furniture which it had formerly contained had been recovered and replaced in it. The old barometer was hanging in its accustomed place behind the door, and Val tapped it to call attention to it, and observed how it had "gone up." There would not be much use for the life-boat, he remarked, if the weather held like this—an obvious fact, which led to the more important observation that Val had his place in her now again, and meant to keep it. Yes, the glass had gone up, decidedly, the skipper said to himself; and he called Mrs. Val "my dear" every time he spoke to her, and went back to London, after an early dinner, very happy and thankful, and very well contented with his own prospects and with the prospects of all belonging to him.

Captain Chubb's remark about the "glass" might have applied at this time to most of the persons with whom this history has been concerned. If there was one at all deserving of consideration who was not quite satisfied with the course of events it was, perhaps, Sally Battles. The house to which the Petersons had removed was larger, more airy, quieter, and in every respect very superior to the one which they had quitted. The kitchens were much pleasanter and more commodious, and there was a little room below-stairs, called a housekeeper's room, almost as large and cheerful as Mrs. Peterson's parlour had been in Vernon Place. But Sally did not like the change. She did not want to be grand, she said. She liked to do her own work in her own way, and she hardly knew now what her work was, nor how to do it. For there was another servant come, who gave herself airs and must be meddling with everything, and had a silk parasol and kid gloves to go out with, and they could not get on together at all.

The chief consolation she had under this trouble was in the occasional visit of our old friend Jack Salter. Charley had brought him to see his mother at Vernon Place, and everybody there had made a great deal of him. Sally, of course, had been introduced to him, and fell in love with him at once as Charley's great friend and hero. Jack had made a voyage since then, and called on his return to inquire after the young gentleman and "the commodore," and all the rest of the family, not forgetting Sarah. His visit was repeated, and Sally rejoiced in her parlour for his sake, and was delighted when, after he had had his yarn with the gentlefolks upstairs, he would "go below" and spend an hour with her.

She was never tired of hearing him talk about her favourite Charley and his doings aboardship before the wreck, and afterwards in the boat. Jack won her sympathy by telling her how bravely the lad had faced his perils and borne his sufferings. Many a tear did the kind-hearted woman shed at the thought of all her darling had gone through, and Jack comforted her, and told her it was all over now, so there was nothing to "take on" about; he was none the worse for it, and them as could go through such a business as all that without being the worse must be the better, body and soul, according to his notion, for it gave a man something to look back upon and to remember all his life—or ought to.

"And you went through it all yourself, Mr. Salter!" Sally answered, on one of these occasions.

"I did; that's true enough; and I'm thankful, I hope, to Him as brought me through."

"I'm glad you was with him," said Sally. "Will you have a cup of tea, Mr. Salter? Mrs. Peterson said I was always to ask you to have tea, if I liked."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'Thank you, ma'am,' of course."

"But about liking? That's what I want to know."

"I shall like it, if you do, Mr. Salter, else I should not have named it."

"And I shall like it, if you do. To see you pour the tea out would be enough to make me like it."

"Who pours it out for you on board ship, Mr. Jack?"

"Nobody; it's biled in the coppers, and baled out by the gallon."

"Oh! Mr. Salter! And who washes up for you—your teacups and saucers and things?"

"Bless your heart!" said Jack, laughing; "why, nobody; 'cause why? We don't have none; a tin pannikin is what we use."

"Tin! Tin would spoil any tea!" said Sally, pitifully. "Do you take sugar, Mr. Salter?"

"Yes, my lass; I always takes it, 'cause it's mixed ready. But, there! it ain't like tea, it's a different thing altogether; you might get it almost as good out of a door-mat. Now this is what I call a real treat! Teapot-tea! with a cup and saucer, and a spoon, a bright, shining teaspoon!"

"It's one of my own," said Sally. "It's real silver, too, and I've got half-a-dozen of 'em. Mrs. Peterson gave 'em to me when she got her legacy and came to this house and bought so many new things for herself. That's why I'm fond of them."

"You have been a long while in Mrs. Peterson's service, Sally, haven't you?"

"Nearly fourteen years."

"Have you, now? And I have been fourteen years at sea. That's quite a coincidence. But you must have begun very young?"

"I did," said Sally.

"You couldn't have been above eight year old."

"Oh yes, I was, Mr. Salter. Why, how you talk! I was young, though, to be sure."

"Is your father and mother alive still?"

"No," said Sally; "father died when I was a little 'un—before I knew him."

"That's another coincidence. So did mine. Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"No; not one."

"There, again! I haven't."

Two or three other coincidences were established in the course of the sitting, which was a long one, and Jack could come to no other conclusion than that he and Sally must have been born for one another. He told her so, and vowed that he had felt it from the first moment that he set eyes upon her. Sally yielded to his arguments—so far, at least, as to promise that she would think of it, and speak to her mistress about it. Things were changed lately, she said, or she did not know that she could have listened to such a proposal. But she would think of it now, and see how her mistress took to it. And Jack could come for an answer next week, if he liked.

Jack came at the appointed time, and everything being happily arranged, came again the following day with a hansom cab and drove Sally to the railway-station, regardless of expense, and took her by train to see his mother at Willow Grove, and gave her a comfortable tea there; and the old woman made her daughter that was to be sit down and

pour it out, for that was her place, she said, and that was her home whenever she should choose to come to it; though it was likely she would have a house of her own at the West End, near her old mistress—a nice house, too, nicely furnished, and let lodgings. So they had planned it.

"And that will be your home, too, Mrs. Salter, I hope," said Sally, earnestly; "and we shall be company for one another, and have something to think about and talk about when Jack's away; shan't we? I wish he was never going away no more, I do."

"And so do I," said the old woman; "but I shall never be afraid again as he won't come back, after all he has gone through, bless him!"

CHAPTER XLIX.—A BUSINESS DINNER.

"Enterprises of great pith and moment."—*Shakespeare.*

MEANTIME there were other changes in contemplation, originating with Mr. Goldie and encouraged by Mr. Jones. Mrs. Goldie was taken into confidence, and the first result of their consultation was that another dinner-party was resolved upon at Colombo Villa. It was not to be a grand party, and yet rather a large one, and as it was to be in some sort a business matter, Mr. Goldie had proposed in the first instance to hold it at a tavern in the City, Mr. Jones suggesting the Cat and Shovel as a nice quiet place; but it had been concluded afterwards that it would be more comfortable, more friendly, and more conducive to the objects contemplated, to have it at home.

"We need not invite any of our society friends, you know," Mr. Goldie said to his wife.

"Of course not; I should not think of asking the Fitz-Robinsons or the Peachey's, for instance," she replied; "they would not like it at all. Do you mean me to dine with you, and Amy?"

"I think our people would be pleased if you would do so. Yes, I should like you to meet them. It will be a large party, but there will be none but our own people. We had better make out a list of those who are to be asked."

The list was made and included the Petersons, Mrs. Carlton and her son, Captain Chubb, Mr. Jones, one or two of the senior clerks, and some others connected with the business or the ships. Such a gathering had never been heard of at Colombo Villa before. Mrs. Goldie half regretted that she had given her consent to it. And Mr. Upperly, when he heard who were to be the guests, made a grimace openly in the presence of his mistress, and resolved that he would give notice the very next morning, as sure as he stood there.

He was at his post, however, when the important evening arrived, and looking, on the whole, not ill satisfied. For the "spread," as he described it, was equal to anything he had ever seen upon the table for the 'ighest of the 'igh. It was to him rather a good joke on the whole to bring a lot of City people together to such a feast—gents as hadn't been used to nothing better than a leg of mutton and make your dinner off it. He wondered how they would behave and what they would think of it. He grudged the wines, and would have substituted something inferior in that line, if he could have ventured it, but Mr. Goldie had given him strict injunctions, "everything of the best," and he must obey orders.

Some of the persons invited were not a little surprised to receive the friendly proposal, but they all

accepted it. Mr. Goldie had altered very much lately, they all agreed. They waited for the appointed time with curiosity and expectation, for it was rumoured that he was going to make a speech to them, and that something new was to be broached, though only one or two of them had any idea what it was.

The guests were received on their arrival by Mr. Upperly, who waited for them in the hall, looking very genteel and very solemn. James opened the door for them, and two or three hired waiters with white waistcoats bowed them up to the butler's presence. He did not offer to shake hands with any of them, not even with Captain Chubb, but demanded their names and announced them at the drawing-room door with such variations as his humour or indifference suggested; but most of them were too much preoccupied to take any notice of that. "Mr. Chubby," indeed, thought he would have liked to knock the fellow down, but he had to shake hands with Mrs. Goldie instead, and did it with so much impetus and cordiality combined as to make her wince and utter a little cry.

Amy was there, and offered the captain her hand, nevertheless. He might have squeezed it a great deal harder than he did and she would not have complained. The same ceremony was repeated with the master of the house, and again upon every fresh arrival; and though, according to the custom of "society," nobody was introduced to anybody, everybody seemed in this instance to know everybody else, and there was more general and open cordiality among the company than had ever been observed in that drawing-room before.

As soon as dinner was announced one of the young clerks, who prided himself upon his knowledge of etiquette, which he had been getting up carefully from "Inquire Within," offered his arm to Mrs. Goldie presenting it in the form of a triangle exactly in front of her. She was obliged to ask him, with an urbane smile, to allow her to pass before she could advance and take Mr. Jones's arm instead, showing him this preference on account of his age and services, though there were some present who might have thought themselves entitled to it. Mr. Goldie took Mrs. Peterson, and the rest sorted themselves to their own satisfaction. It was an excellent dinner—a little too much of it, if anything, some of them may have thought: they had children at home who might be fed more substantially, perhaps, if richer folks would feast less luxuriously. There is a great deal of waste and extravagance in the land, no doubt; but this was an exceptional case. Mr. Goldie's manner of life was not usually luxurious or lavish, and on the present occasion the feast was given as a compliment and treat to those who could not ask him again. So they were not disposed to find fault with him.

After dinner, when the glasses were filled, there was a general silence for some minutes, the guests glancing towards Mr. Goldie in expectation of a speech from him, or perhaps of a proposal on the part of some one else that they should drink his health. Mr. Goldie was not a man of many words, as they knew; but he had made up his mind to say something on this occasion, and he took advantage of the silence to rise to his feet and say it. The subject of it was perhaps as much surprised as any of them when he heard his name mentioned.

"Captain Chubb," said Mr. Goldie, "I take the liberty of proposing your good health" (great applause). "Gentlemen, you all know the circumstances connected with the loss of the ship *Daphne*. You know how

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she was run down at sea, and how, in the face of great difficulties, the boats were lowered, and every one who was on board the sinking vessel was saved. Every man on board, so far as I can learn, did his duty nobly on that occasion, and I offer my best thanks, as the owner of that ship, to all her officers and crew. I wish more of them were present here to-day. Captain Chubb, however, was the responsible person, and it is owing to him, in the first place, that his crew were in such good order and so well under discipline, and so cool and steadfast in the fulfilment of their duty. As for his own part in it, no one could have shown more presence of mind, courage, and devotedness than he did. He gave all the orders, saw to it with his own eyes that every man on board was sent into the boats, and then, and not till then, followed them—the last to quit his ship, escaping not without severe injury, and very nearly losing his own life in the determination to see others safe. All this may be nothing uncommon in the experience of a British sailor; I have heard of such things before, and shall again, I dare say; but I think, as he has so nobly done his duty, I must now do mine, by conveying to him, in the presence of you all, my sense and acknowledgment of the courage and devotion he has shown. I hope it will give him pleasure to know that we, at home, sympathise with those who sail in our ships, and don't forget to think about them, and to pray for them too, and are glad to confess our obligations to them. I beg Captain Chubb's acceptance of this pocket chronometer, as a memorial of personal esteem for him" (applause and interruption for some minutes). "It is warranted to go correctly; but however exact it may be, it can never do its duty with as much punctuality and steadiness and fidelity as the gentleman to whom I now offer it."

Captain Chubb was sitting at Mr. Goldie's right hand, and the merchant, after shaking hands with him cordially, presented him with a very handsome gold pocket chronometer of the best workmanship, and with a gold chain attached to it, the weight and substance of which seemed to offer a good guarantee for its security.

Captain Chubb was at first too much overcome to speak, but got upon his legs at last, and said, "Mr. Goldie, you have taken me by surprise. I'm no speaker, and don't know how to express myself. All I want to say is that I'm very much obliged to you. I don't deserve this. I only did my duty, but it is a pleasure and a satisfaction to know that you are satisfied, and that you know a little of what we have to meet and to go through at sea. But you said something that I can't let go without an answer. I don't believe, after all, that I was the last man to leave the *Daphne*. I meant to be, but I wasn't. That black man who saved my life escaped me somehow; he won't own it, but I'm convinced now that he stayed behind on purpose. So if that makes any difference, Mr. Goldie," said the captain, tendering the watch and chain at arm's-length—"if that makes any difference—"

But the merchant refused it with a vehemence which stopped him instantly; and the cheering and applause which rose on every side for both of them prevented any further expression of the captain's sentiments or thanks.

"I meant to be, but I wasn't," he repeated, looking round him as he resumed his seat. And they all applauded him the more.

After that the ladies rose and left the table; and Mr. Goldie also excused himself. "There was a matter of business to be talked over," he said, "which had better be done in his absence. Mr. Peterson could explain it, and they could consult together, and he would meet them in the drawing-room afterwards."

When he was gone John Peterson took his place, and told them he was authorised to make a proposition to them, to which they could make whatever answer they thought proper. "Mr. Goldie has been thinking lately," he said, "that every man ought to have a tangible interest in the occupation to which his time and his life are devoted; that the captains and crews who navigate a merchant's ships, for instance, and the clerks who keep his books and manage his business, should be held together by some better bond than mere wages. A *quid pro quo* is of course a necessary and practical basis; but there ought to be some higher link between the employer and the employed. Of course there is a certain amount of sympathy and mutual respect between masters and servants everywhere, or ought to be; but it is too much kept out of sight, and only shows itself now and then when some special occasion calls it forth. They don't know what is in each other's hearts; and if they don't know it they can't respond to it."

"That's true enough," said Captain Chubb.

"What I'm going to propose," Mr. Peterson continued, "is intended to give every man who wishes for it, an interest and a share in the profits realised."

"You don't mean a limited liability company?" some one asked.

"Certainly not, except that the liability will be limited, as it has always been, to the principals; there will be no change, or, I should rather say, no immediate or essential change, in the firm. Mr. Goldie's idea is this: that every one who enters his employment shall be at liberty to deposit with him a portion of his salary or wages, or of such funds as he may possess, as if it were in a bank; and that at the end of each year, when the books are audited and the accounts balanced, a bonus, proportioned to the amount invested, and to the profits which have been realised, shall be payable to each depositor."

There was a great deal of discussion and inquiry before this proposal could be fully understood. Some thought it would amount to a partnership; but it was explained that there would be no liability. They were invited to lend their money, and to receive interest for it according to the profits of the year; they would make some addition to the trading capital, and have a share in the returns which their own labour had produced. There was to be a limit to the amount of their deposits, and that would be proportioned to the position of each person in the "house." There were many details to be settled, but the germ of the idea was there.

"You can try it," said Captain Chubb, doubtfully. "If you can get the men to join it, it will be a good thing, no doubt. Anyhow, it's well meant, and shows a kind and liberal feeling on Mr. Goldie's part."

"There's one other thing I have to say," said the manager, "and that is that Mr. Goldie means every year to have a gathering of all connected with the firm, as far as possible, in some public room, and to give them an opportunity of talking to him and making his acquaintance. It will not be such a spread as we have had to-night," he added, laugh-

ing, "but some refreshments will be provided, and the bonus will be declared at the same time. Those who are at sea can appear by proxy, their wives and children coming in their stead."

"That will do," said the skipper; "that's first rate, that is."

Others expressed their general approval of the scheme, and after some practical suggestions for carrying it into execution, the company rose and joined the ladies.

In the drawing-room the captain's chronometer was handed round and admired, and there was a great deal of conversation about the proposed general bonus scheme, as they called it, and everybody was in high good-humour. Miss Goldie sang one or two of her favourite Scotch songs, but not "Old Robin Gray," though she might have managed now if it had been particularly requested. She chose rather "Poor Tom Bowling," and another sea song, in which the commodore, who had a good ear and a pretty voice, joined her. Then the new ship was talked over, and a day announced for the launch, to which all the company then present were invited.

It was late when they separated, and Captain Chubb had to endure some banter about taking care of his chronometer. It would be a pretty affair if he were to have his pocket picked; and some of the party, who had got the start, lay in wait for him at the first corner and sprang out to frighten him, and very nearly got knocked all together into the gutter for their pains.

They went away by twos and threes, some east and some west, but the same topic occupied them all as they walked or drove along—namely, what a capital fellow old Goldie was; while those who had known him longest said also, "Who would have thought it of him? Who would have supposed he had it in him? But you never know what there is in a man until something unusual happens to bring it out." And as they bade each other good-night they said, with a pleasing sense of their own personal interest in the sentiment, "Hurrah for Goldie Brothers!"

JUDGES' LEISURE HOURS.

THE carriage of a learned judge was not long since stopped in Regent Street, in order that an application for an "Injunction" might be disposed of. The incident called to mind the more notable fact that the late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell was once interrupted during his morning bathe, in a small lake in his park, for a like purpose. The great Lord Eldon, too, when Chancellor, had a similar application made to him one Sunday morning whilst in church.* These incidents lead one to ask the question, how far the ordinary private life of a judge is disturbed by these quasi judicial proceedings.

Probably many persons imagine that when a judge lays aside his wig and robes, and ceases to be the "ermine mummy" of Westminster Hall or the Circuit, he retires until the next morning to the undisturbed enjoyment of domestic life or club life, to book or newspaper, or chess, billiards, bicycling, or

to whatever his fancy leads him. This is, however, by no means the case, and, with the exception of doctors in active practice (in times of epidemic sickness), the editors of periodicals or newspapers (all the year round), and dressmakers (during the season) preparing their customers for a drawing-room, there is probably no class of men so hardly worked, day and night, as the judges of England.

They have, first, quite independently of the work in court or chambers, judgments to prepare. Not only is a decision given in any case tried in the courts, but the reasons for that decision are fully expected to be given also; the older cases of a similar nature which have previously arisen have to be noticed, and the facts in them distinguished from the one before them. All important cases, be it remembered, are taken down, printed, and published in the form of "Reports," and these Reports extend back more than three centuries, and occupy from one to two thousand volumes, constituting a judge's library. The writer could mention more than one judgment in the preparation of which over one hundred volumes had to be consulted, and thirty or forty decided cases carefully considered and commented upon.

In his leisure hours, also, a judge has to carefully read over all the special cases, demurrers, appeal cases, and depositions in criminal matters coming before the court on the morrow, and to make himself fully acquainted with the common and statute law relating to them. He has referred to him for amendment or correction all "private bills" in Parliament, and all bye-laws regulating railways, canals, docks, harbours, boroughs and corporations, lighting and paving boards, etc., etc., and to see that they in no manner run contrary to law or the general welfare of the community. A late very eminent judge, whose dicta are still held in great reverence by the legal profession, rarely quitted his more private legal avocations till eleven or twelve at night, and almost invariably resumed them at seven in the morning. Correspondence with members of the "court above" as to his ruling in some cases at Nisi Prius, with which one or other of the suitors is dissatisfied, and with the Secretary of State as to abrogating sentences passed on prisoners, especially in the anxious and painful responsibility where a capital offender is awaiting execution, occupy no inconsiderable portion of a judge's otherwise leisure time.

The applications for "injunctions," referred to at the commencement of this paper, could formerly only be made to the Court of Chancery or a judge thereof, and, as in the time of Lord Eldon and Sir Lancelot Shadwell there were only three judges of that court, viz., the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the Vice-Chancellor, their peace and tranquillity was pretty much broken in upon. If your neighbour was undermining the wall of your house by improvements on his own, digging up brick earth in a field to which you disputed his right, or stopping the water which turned your mill for the purpose of his improved irrigation, or brewery, although you might, and no doubt would, bring an action against him at common law, you would not like to wait two or three, or it might be seven or eight, years till your respective rights were determined, during which time your house tumbled down, your field was destroyed, and your wheat remained unground, but you sought out one of the three authorities above mentioned, and got an "injunction," by which all obnoxious proceedings were stayed until your action was determined. There

* The judge does not draw the writ of injunction, as the newspaper paragraph about Mr. Justice Fry in Regent Street led the reader to suppose, or even the order for it. He simply reads the affidavit, and writes "order" on the back. It is then taken to his chamber clerk, who draws up the order, and signs it with the judge's signature by means of a fac-simile hand-stamp in his custody. This order has the force of the old writ which is now abolished.

are now, however, five judges in Chancery and fifteen at Common Law, all of whom have equal power to grant injunctions.

Another great and important proceeding in which it was frequently necessary to find a judge at a moment's notice was, and still is, in preventing debtors from absconding from the country. Formerly this could only be done in Chancery by suing out a writ called a writ *ne exeat regno*, but by a statute (1 and 2 Vic. c. 110) the power of arresting debtors who owed a sum over £20, against whom an action had been brought, and who were about to leave the country, was given to the judges of all the Common Law courts although not to the courts themselves.

The hunting up of judges, for orders under this Act, especially during vacation, was one of the most enlivening pursuits of attorneys' clerks of the day. We well recollect the rush of a cab to the town house of the late Baron Alderson, with an applicant for such an order; the baron was at Brighton! The debt was large, the departure of the debtor was imminent; away went the clerk in mad haste to the railway. Brighton was reached. Alas! the intelligence at the baron's lodgings was, he had gone to a ball a mile away, near Rottendean. Off went the wretched clerk in anything but ball costume. He was denied admission. The baron could not be seen. In despair, the clerk scribbled on a bit of paper, "My lord, I am a poor attorney's clerk; if I don't get my *capias* I shall lose my situation." The good-natured old man could not resist the appeal. He came out, read the affidavit, and made the necessary order. His clerk in London was knocked up close upon midnight, and (of course after a small arrangement as to an "expedition fee") drew up and issued the necessary documents, the writ issued as soon as the office doors opened in the morning, and very soon after the debtor was safely in the hands of the sheriff.

Since the passing of the "Judgment Debtors Act" these orders to arrest are not so numerous as they formerly were. The debt sued for, on which an arrest can be made, has been raised from £20 to £50, and, in addition, it must be proved to the satisfaction of the judge that the actual presence of the defendant at the trial as a witness is necessary, in order to prevent justice from being defeated. We ought to add, that these writs of "*capias*" were sometimes made the means of great oppression; in many cases it was doubtful whether the debtor owed the money or not. The creditor issued a writ, and held it in hand till he found the defendant just leaving the country, perhaps with wife and family; he then got his order, and *capias* upon it, and arrested the defendant on board a starting ship, who, sooner than sacrifice passage money, and bear the expense of landing wife, family, and baggage, paid the disputed amount then and there.

We have not referred to nearly all the applications a judge is liable to be troubled with during his private hours. So numerous and important are they, that by ancient custom (which, we believe, still exists, though it has been a good deal broken through) no judge of either division of the Supreme Court is entitled to leave the shores of this country without the express permission of the Sovereign previously applied for in writing, and signified officially through the Home Secretary. Books still exist at the Home Office showing the exact number of judges at home, and abroad "on leave," at the various periods of

these applications, and prove how important a judge's duties were deemed to be even when no Courts were sitting, and how desirable it was considered to have at all times a due supply of these learned functionaries left in the country.

TITIAN.

"THE sixteenth century," says Mr. Ruskin, "produced the four greatest painters, that is to say, managers of colour, whom the world has seen; namely Tintoret, Paul Veronese, Titian, and Corregio." Though Titian may not perhaps be styled the greatest colourist of the four, he was little, if anything, inferior to either of the other three, and was incontestably the most accomplished artist of the quaternion. For he was a man of vast powers which ensured him success in all departments of the painter's art. His observation must have been ever active and his retentiveness perfect; for he seems to have missed no detail of the facts of nature, whether in the grand or the minute, and he despised none of them, however trivial. Then he had a poetical and fertile imagination, an exquisite sense of the beauty of form, and an instinctive devotion to truth in relation to his art. In studying the works of artists of note, whether ancient or modern, we can generally discover easily enough what was the peculiar forte—the excellence on which he prided himself—of each; one, for instance, will display a magnificence of striking hues; another, some startling effect of light and shade; a third revels in dashing and fearless outline; a fourth loves a dreamy monotone; and so on and on. Titian had nothing of this sort of self-assertion, and we may look in vain at any number of his matchless productions for a single instance of his working for mere artistic effect. In fact, not the least remarkable feature in his treatment of his subjects is an ever-sustained modesty, a rigid restraint of exuberant power, kept within due limits by a preponderating sense of harmony. At the same time he was thoroughly skilled in all the technicalities of the studio; he could paint gold lace in a way surpassing the minuteness of modern photography, or he could sweep masses of colour on his canvas 'with a brush as big as a birch broom.' It is true he had time enough to master his profession, seeing that he began painting in his eleventh year, and without any notable pause in his practice worked on for four-score and eight years more, dying at the age of ninety-nine.

Tiziano Vecellio (commonly called Titian) was born in 1477, at Capo del Cadore, a small town on the River Piave, in the territory of Venice; he was one of four children born of parents who, though not wealthy, were of an ancient race and occupied a good position. We have it on Titian's own authority that from a child he had been devoted to art, and there is a tradition that he showed his early enthusiasm "by painting on the side of his father's house with the juice of flowers a Madonna, and such was the charm of the colours as to surprise his father, his relatives, and friends." This story cannot be literally true, and was probably based on some childish performance indicative of great promise. The boy received his education under his father's roof. In 1488 he was taken to Venice and placed under Sebastiano Zuccato. Ere long he quitted

Zuccato for Gentile Bellini, whom also he left shortly afterwards to study under his more eminent brother, Giovanni Bellini, where he had the subsequently celebrated Giorgione for his fellow-pupil, by whose companionship in his studies he was influenced in no small degree, as is evident from comparing the works of both.

But little is known with certainty of the earlier works of Titian, and they may be well passed over in this brief notice. They were mostly religious subjects, painted for churches or monasteries, and their excellence seems scarcely to have been recognised until the artist, after the lapse of years, had won a deserved reputation. His first great work, the first at least that was so acknowledged, appears to have been the "Two Maidens at a Fountain," better known under the title of "Artless and Sated Love," which may have been painted at Ferrara, for Duke Alphonso I, about the year 1515-16, when Titian was approaching forty. This rare performance seems to have charmed all spectators; connoisseurs are eloquent in praise as well of the figures as of the glowing landscape background; and some of the best judges assert that the maiden on the right of the fountain is the most beautiful production of an artist's pencil in the world.

Another picture of a higher order of excellence, which long adorned the palace of the Duke of Ferrara, and was probably painted for him about the same period, was the "Christ of the Tribute Money," which now hangs in the museum at Dresden. "This work," says Mr. Crowe, the latest of Titian's biographers, "challenges admiration after three centuries and a half with the same irresistible certainty with which it challenged the admiration of Titian's friends and countrymen at the period of its completion." It is painted with most elaborate care, and on this occasion Titian showed a transcendent power of imitating nature, and displayed a capacity for finish never equalled by any of his countrymen. According to Vasari, the "head of Christ is stupendous and marvellous," and it was considered by all the artists of his time as the most perfect and best handled of any that Titian had ever produced. But the picture has higher qualities than those of mere treatment. The contrast is sublime between the majestic calm elevation and divine beauty of Christ and the low cunning and coarse air of the Pharisee. Severely simple as the composition is—and there are but the two figures—it embodies the whole spirit of the event, and relates it far more eloquently than words could do. Of all the artist's works this is the most polished and complete, and is acknowledged to be the most perfect easel-picture of which Venice ever witnessed the production.

A third picture, dating somewhere about the same period, and which was also painted for the Duke of Ferrara, is the well-known "Bacchus and Ariadne," which for the last fifty years has been our national property, and for a good part of that time has hung in our National Gallery. The picture is an illustration of a classical romance—a dream of the Latin poet Catullus, in which the natural and supernatural are so exquisitely mingled and blended with such supreme art, that any sympathetic reveller loses the sense of incongruity, and feels inclined almost to join in the headlong march of the merry-making troop. The painting has been much injured, by accident or atmosphere, or by the meddling of restorers, and much of the charm of its original colour

has vanished, but the enchanting design is undisturbed—the wonderful grouping of the figures, the harmonious combinations of light and shade, and, above all, the pervading sense of action and movement which fills the whole canvas with the vigour of life and reality. Critics and connoisseurs for generations past have rivalled each other in their encomiums of this famous work; it is fortunate that our readers can, if they choose, form their own judgment concerning it, and we may therefore refrain from further quoting that of others.

A fourth picture of Titian's, and one that can hardly be omitted in any notice of his life, is the "Martyrdom of St. Peter Martyr," which he painted for the brotherhood of Peter Martyr, and on which he was engaged, doubtless, at long and frequent intervals, for several years. He quarrelled with the brotherhood about the price, but he delivered it at last in April, 1530, and appears to have been paid his demand by instalments. While engaged on this work, Titian had been visited by Michael Angelo, who spent some months in Venice after his flight from Florence in 1529. The presence of the mighty Florentine had its influence on the great Venetian, the result of which was manifest in the Peter Martyr, where Titian showed that he had the power to grasp and utilise what suited him in the style of Michael Angelo, without ceasing to be himself. "In this picture, above all others," says Mr. Crowe, "Titian reproduced the human form in its grandest development, yet still within the limits which define nature as contradistinguished from the preternatural conventionalism of Michael Angelo. . . . He set before his admirers the colossal forms of a herculean race, but he tempered every excess by a constant appeal to the reality, and he knew so well how to modify strain by balanced play of light and by gradation of tone, that a natural effect was the necessary consequence." This picture is too well known to need description here, having been multiplied in hundreds of copies by enthusiastic students, and in thousands of engravings. Unfortunately, the matchless painting no longer exists, a copy by Cardi da Cigoli now occupying its place in the chapel of the Rosary at San Giovanni e Paolo. After a series of mishaps and changes of place, the original was taken to Paris some dozen years ago in order that it might be transferred from panel to canvas, and that difficult operation had not been long completed when, on the 16th of August, 1867, it was destroyed by fire.

The painter of such pictures as we have described above necessarily acquired a great and widespread reputation. That he should become the favourite of the wealthy and the idol of all true lovers of art was a matter of course. We find, consequently, that his works were valued not only by the people of Italy, but by the best judges everywhere, and were sought after by senates and ecclesiastics, by noblemen and princes. To some of his rich patrons Titian was only too complaisant, for it cannot be denied that he painted a number of canvases at their request which were objectionable on grounds of decency and morality; and it is doubtless to his discredit that, for the mere love of money, he so offended.*

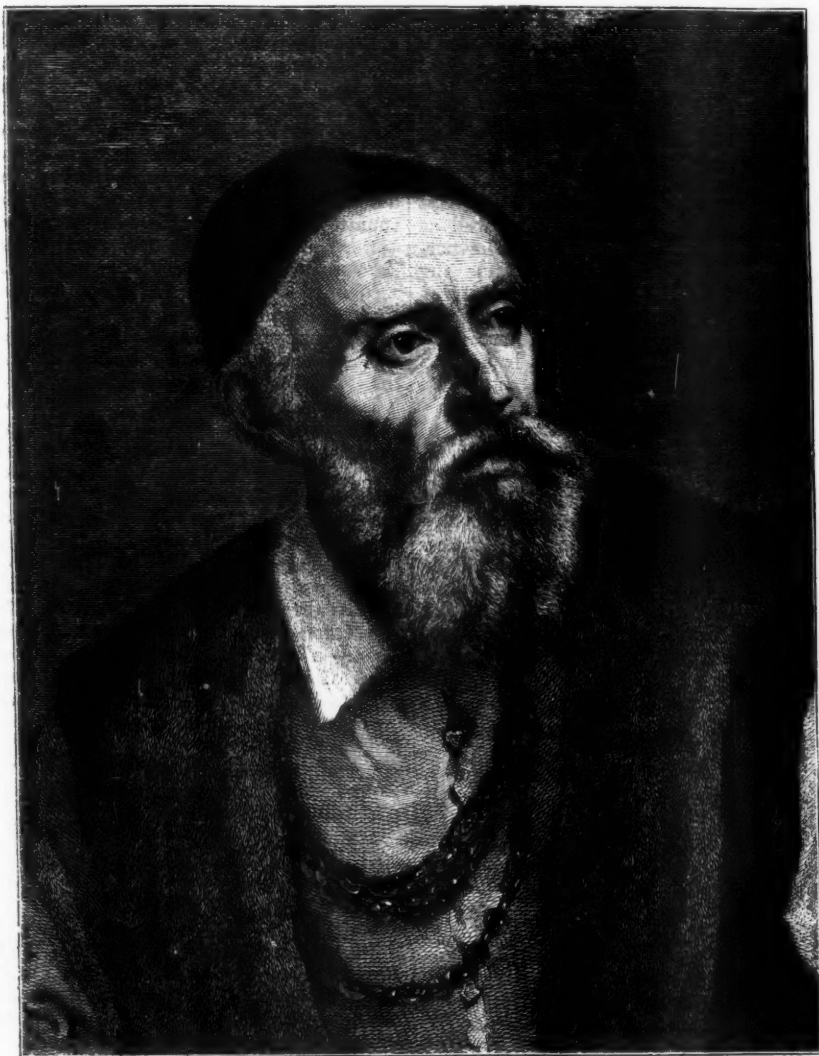
* As to Titian's exalted place as a colourist there is no question. Any praise of him as an artist, including the subjects as well as the execution of his works, must be taken with reserve. One of Titian's greatest admirers and intelligent biographers ("Edinburgh Review," January, 1878) says, "The inmost secret of his art was Pagan. Under his hand human creatures are grand, calm, satisfied, and benign, but the true conception of beings devoted to a religion not of this world was foreign to him."

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Among Titian's patrons, besides the nobles, the religious houses, and the senate of Venice, there were dukes, princes, and sovereigns. He worked for all with equal industry and equal deliberation. Deliberation indeed was system in his case. He

had passed over his head. His most constant patrons were the Emperor Charles v and his son Philip II of Spain. How many were the pictures he painted for them it is impossible to say; there are many of them still to be seen in the galleries of Madrid and in other



TITIAN (BY HIMSELF).

never would make haste let who would be in a hurry; monks and abbots might entreat, nobles might scold, and the agents of king or emperor might threaten, but the appeals of all were equally futile; it was impossible to hurry the imperturbable painter. He knew what he was about, if they did not. He worked on quietly and sedulously on one canvas or another, and in the end everybody was sure to be pleased with what he did. He saw the generations come and go while he stood sturdily at his easel, and he showed himself mighty in power and determined in purpose long after ninety years

parts of Spain, and numbers of them were sent to the Netherlands during the Spanish tyranny there, and were afterwards lost in their transport to the Peninsula when at length the Netherlands had achieved their freedom. The whole of the paintings ascribed to Titian are said to number over a thousand. If but half the number are really his, we may well wonder at his capacity for work when we remember that a large proportion of them were really magnificent productions, and that nothing trivial or careless ever came from his hand.

A life so exceptionally prolonged, so fortunate on

the whole, and so successful, was not to be without its troubles. The afflictions of the grand Venetian painter were of a kind to which the great and the little, the famous and the obscure, are alike subject. He lost his wife, whom he tenderly loved, while she was yet young. She left him three children, two sons, Pomponio and Orazio, and one daughter, Lavinia. The fascinating features of the daughter are familiar to thousands from being so often transferred to the father's pictures; but she, like her mother, died young, and to Titian her death was a sore and irreparable loss. His eldest son Pomponio, who was educated for the church, turned out a scamp, a thorough wastrel, who squandered his father's earnings, and would have beggared him had he been allowed to have his way. Orazio, however, was a comfort to the old man, and during his latter days was his constant assistant in the studio, as well as his business agent. In this latter capacity he performed essential service, for he had to dun the princes and potentates for the money they owed his father for pictures which they were always ready to order but seldom inclined to pay for; and he ran no small risks as a collector of debts, for we learn that on one occasion, having received a large sum which had been long due, he was set upon by robber-assassins, from whom he with difficulty defended himself, and being badly wounded narrowly escaped with his life.

In the year 1576 Venice was visited with the plague; it soon began to rage with great violence, and large numbers died daily. Panic seized the citizens, and they speedily lost all sense of humanity in their mortal fear. The stricken were left untended and whole families perished in neglect. Titian took the fatal disease, and died after a brief period of suffering. Laws had been passed to forbid the interment of plague patients in any church within the city, but Titian's greatness overrode all law. The highest dignitaries of S. Maria conveyed him to his grave in

the church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, where he reposes near one of his grandest creations, the "Madonna di Casa Pesaro." His son Orazio was seized at about the same time, and died in the hospital to which he had been hastily carried. The sole survivor of the family, the spendthrift Pomponio, succeeded to the inheritance, and in the course of a few brief years, it is said, dissipated the whole, including many works of Titian in various stages, and the cherished collections of his long life.

There are a sufficient number of Titian's works in this country to enable us to recognise his transcendent merits. Besides the nine specimens which adorn and enrich the National Gallery, there are others at Hampton Court, and one or two at Dulwich College, while there are undoubtedly many more scattered among the collections of the aristocracy in the various counties. To the English people, however, Titian is better known through the medium of engravings than by the work of his own hands. The most accomplished engravers have emulated each other in reproducing his works in the most careful and most elaborate manner, some of them, Raphael Morghen for instance, being satisfied to spend long years upon the execution of a single plate. Landor, in his "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," puts into the mouth of Cornaro, one of Titian's friends, the following graceful compliment: "To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries did I say? I should have said for ever. Successions of engravers will fix upon imperishable metal the lineaments you have deemed worthy of preservation. Canvas may decay, colours may fade; but these artists, animated by your genius, will follow one another through the darkest ages." The prediction was truer than Landor thought. Canvas, panel, colour—all must succumb to time; but so long as the sense of beauty and sublimity shall survive among men, so long will the art of the engraver perpetuate the creations of Titian.

TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.

BY THOMAS COOK, EXCURSIONIST.

II.

SECOND DECADE—1851 TO 1860.

EXCURSIONS to Scotland were suspended through the summer of 1851, the first Great Exhibition absorbing nearly all my energies. Six months were spent in organising clubs and publishing arrangements for the Exhibition, and as the 1st of May approached the tocsin of war was sounded between the Midland and London and North-Western and the Great Northern Railway Companies. I had previously made an offer of my services to the directors of the Midland line, and, on the motion of the late John Ellis, Esq., supported by Sir Joseph Paxton, the board accepted my proposals. The whole of the southern division of the line was exclusively allotted to me, whilst north of Sheffield I had the chief obligations, two occasional Yorkshire agents being appointed to work with me. On a fixed day in May, after the formal opening of the Exhibition, the campaign set in with signs of a sharp conflict. On a Monday morning the superintendent of the Midland passenger traffic and myself were up and at it at five o'clock. At that hour we started with a fifteen

shilling fare to London and back. At nine o'clock it was down to five shillings from Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, and other competing points, and at that rate it stood to the close of the Exhibition. It was a time of intense excitement, and all the trains on the line, except the day express, were made available for excursion tickets. Frequently the night mail would be run in from two to six divisions. At the call of a band of music I saw workpeople come out of factories in Bradford, pay five shillings for a ticket, and with a very few shillings in their pockets start off on Saturday night to spend Sunday and Monday in London, returning to work on Tuesday morning. The people of Yorkshire were thus educated to travel, and my returns at the end of the season showed 150,000 who had taken the excursion tickets. It was a lively time from May to November, and I closed my season engagement by taking from Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester 3,000 Sunday-school children and teachers to see the Exhibition.

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This heavy year of travel, with its glorious termination in connection with the little folk, was full of interesting incidents, but I am at present only speaking of it as a travelling education and its results on travelling facilities, upon which the Exhibition was dependent for its success. Since 1851 there have been plenty of cheap facilities for getting to London, though the five-shilling fare to London and back has not been resumed in the Yorkshire district.

I fell into pre-established lines in 1852, but 1853 was signalised by another deeply interesting event, that being the year of the Great Dublin Exhibition. Early in that year the late Sir C. P. Roney sent for me to Ireland, to confer and to co-operate with him in arranging for and working out a double system of excursion and tourist arrangements, in which the "distinction with a difference" was clearly established. Mr. Roney's idea was for a double system of tickets and working arrangements. Cheap excursions were to be worked by special trains, and a fortnight was to be allowed on the tickets; the tourist tickets were to be good for all trains, and valid for a month, at rates nearly double those of the excursions. I was to undertake the excursion department, whilst the various railway companies of England would take charge of the issue of tourist tickets with the view of encouraging travel in Ireland. I was to be able to give to my travellers tickets for Cork, the Lakes of Killarney, Connemara, etc., at greatly reduced prices, and the famous Mr. Dargan, the Fishbournes, and others, placed their cars at my disposal. Thus was inaugurated the tourist system of Ireland, which, with certain modifications and extensions, has continued to this day.

After the Exhibition my cheap excursions were suspended for a time, but have since been resumed on a broader scale, and we have tickets for the chief lines of travel in the country, all of which now come under the tourist designation. During the Exhibition year I had weekly or fortnightly excursions from the Eastern, Midland, and Staffordshire districts, and arrangements were also made by others on a similar basis from the West of England.

Two years later the Paris Exhibition presented its claims, and I tried hard to induce the companies commanding the Channel traffic to give me facilities to work with and for them. But they could not or would not see it to be to their advantage to comply with my requests, and the only cheap facility I could get was by the Great Eastern route *via* Harwich to Antwerp, and then up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence or Manheim. This opened the way for a grand circular tour to include Brussels, Cologne, the Rhine and its borders, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg, and Paris, getting back to London in the best way I could. Thus did I conduct a series of special parties, and inaugurate a system of tickets taking in all the points. In connection with one of these parties half-a-dozen confident travellers broke off from us at Kehl for a tour into and through Switzerland. With considerable difficulty they made their way, and thus started in my mind an idea of Swiss tours, which was not developed during the second decade of my system.

I was still hard at work, and with constantly increasing success, in Scotland; and when in the Highlands in the summer of 1857, I was waited upon by Mr. John C. Deane, Chief Commissioner of the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition, who came up to Oban specially to ask me to come to their assistance,

by a system of arrangements which I was pressed to make from Scotland and the North of England, from which points but little had been done for the Exhibition. Aided by the powerful influence of the president and others of the board of commissioners, I instantly went to work, submitted my plans to the Scotch companies, to the Lancaster and Carlisle, and to the North-Eastern. The canny Scot who commanded the chief route told me it was all in vain. I could not move the Scotch people, as it was evident they cared but little about the Manchester Exhibition. They had advertised the country and only got thirty passengers for a special train. I pleaded hard for a few concessions in fares and travelling arrangements, but they were only granted on condition that I gave a guarantee of £250 per train. That condition I accepted for each of four weekly excursions, the first of which yielded an aggregate of £500, and for each of the other three I covered my guarantee, exclusive of large additions from other contributory lines, such as the Glasgow and South-Western, the Lancaster and Carlisle, the Maryport and Carlisle, the Furness, and other lines of the Lake district. But my chief success was amongst my old friends of the North-Eastern. Cheap day trips were arranged, and each day might be extended to twenty-four hours. The moon was approaching the full, and I was moonstricken, and advertised a "moonlight trip to the Manchester Exhibition." The neighbourhood of Newcastle caught the infection, and by the light of the moon we filled eighty large carriages on the first night and had to follow up the trip by a succession. By the next moon we tried Scarborough, Malton, and other distant places, and on the first night from ninety to one hundred carriages were filled, and we had to wait for carriages and locomotives for several hours, and our trouble was in the multitude of passengers.

Success all round crowned the moonlight notion, and altogether in six weeks I took 26,000 visitors to the Exhibition; and it was a singular coincidence that the last 26,000 shillings saved the Exhibition from loss, and I was presented with a silver snuff-box in acknowledgment of my services, which is as bright and unpolluted to-day as it was twenty-one years ago. These extraordinary arrangements gave another incentive to travel, and proved that popularity and success often hang upon very small concessions.

These four Exhibitions were the chief of the local stimulants to travel in this second decade of years, and during this term I established a system of very popular excursions, to and fro between John o' Groats and the Land's End, with frequent extensions to the Scilly Isles. From Scilly, and from Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and all points west, I booked passengers through to all parts of Scotland, and *vice versa*. I even got at London by a sort of back door, booking passengers for Scotland from Bishopsgate, and carrying them *via* Cambridge, Peterborough, etc., to Leicester, there uniting them with Midland passengers, when I was forbidden to bring them over the direct route in connection with the Midland system. In the ninth year of this decade some of the Scotch companies attempted to cut me out of the best part of the field, by establishing systems of tours on models that I had provided for them, but before the close of the ten years, after spending most of their tourist receipts in advertising, they agreed to give all over to my management on their behalf, and I closed the decade by the inauguration of a new and greatly

extended system on an extensive basis. With right goodwill and sanguine hopes I closed 1860, and prepared for the

THIRD DECADE—1861 TO 1870.

For Scotland 1861 was a splendid year. I had freedom of action over most of the railways, steam-boats, and coach lines of the country. 1862 was marred by the great attraction of South Kensington, and in 1863 opposition, arising out of railway competition, triumphed against me, and I directed my chief attention to the Continent.

Early in 1861 a proposal had been made by a London committee to get up a cheap working men's demonstration for Paris. Difficulties beset the committee, and I joined hands with them. Sir Joseph Paxton, at my request, accepted the position of President, and exerted his powerful influence on behalf of the project. I undertook to work the country in the Midland and Northern districts, and at Whitsuntide we took over the Channel from 1,500 to 1,600 visitors, more than 800 of whom came up from country stations. The affair went off well, and the presence of Sir Joseph Paxton in Paris gave tone to the arrangements. I tried to repeat the idea at Whitsuntide, 1862, but I was crippled by conditions, the prices were enhanced, and the effort was a comparative failure. But in 1863 I got more popular terms, and started fairly on a Continental campaign, laying the basis of all subsequent operations in France, Switzerland, and Italy, of which I will speak after briefly noticing the work connected with our second Great International Exhibition at South Kensington.

My work in connection with the Exhibition of 1862 was not so much to arrange for travelling to London as to provide for large classes of visitors in the Metropolis. The contending companies of 1851 made friendly arrangements in 1862, and both the Midland and Great Northern advertised on all their bills my Exhibition Visitors' Home, and other houses of accommodation, where we had the honour of receiving about 20,000 guests, including official delegations from Toulouse, Paris, Turin, Mecklenburgh, and other Continental cities. Among the English provided for were 540 in a party from the Works of W. E. Forster, Esq., of Bradford, Mr. Forster watching and controlling the movements of the workpeople. Many other large firms and proprietors sent up to us large batches of workpeople, and, like Mr. Forster, paid all their expenses. Our "Home" was capable of accommodating about 500 visitors at a time, and we had quite a number of private houses for the accommodation of families and other select parties. This arrangement greatly subserved railway interests. Mr. Forster acknowledged that but for our provision and its strictly temperance character, he dare not have brought his workpeople to London. The buildings erected by Mr. Freahe, on the Fulham Road, were afterwards appropriated as homes for workmen and their families, a plan contemplated in the original design of the group.

The Paris Exhibition of 1867 comes within the limits of this third decade, and may be briefly noticed here. Again we provided accommodation for English and American visitors, in addition to the general working of special excursions from London by the Dieppe route. We conveyed about 20,000 passengers to Paris, and accommodated over 12,000 at the homes, which we established in the Rue de la Faisanderie, where we are again providing, on a

much larger scale, for visitors to the Exhibition of the present year.

Without exact reference to all dates, the new and extended travelling arrangements of this term of years may be best compressed into a series of short paragraphs.

The establishment of a chief office in London followed the Exhibition of 1862. For twenty-one years previously Leicester had been the centre of my operations. In 1863 and 1864 my ticket office was a converted conservatory, at a private house in Great Russell Street, the lease of which I had purchased, but which lease prohibited any business announcement in front.

I name this to show the contrast with our present chief office. But in a small conservatory the system took root and flourished, though frequently assailed by the pelting missiles of a portion of the Metropolitan press. But there the late Charles Dickens found me out and sent one of his subalterns to collect notes for a commendatory article in "All the Year Round," afterwards transferred to the volume entitled "The Business of Pleasure." The same representative of Mr. Dickens afterwards travelled with one of my Italian parties and gave a graphic description of the tour in "Temple Bar."

An important event in 1864 was the adhesion of my son to the work which had been the study, the hobby, and the labour of a solo for twenty-three previous years. When very young, my son had worked with me in various ways; but he left me to go into the Midland Railway office, and to take charge of the company's excursion business. He afterwards spent a number of years in mercantile operations of considerable magnitude. His return to my aid liberated me from details of office work, and enabled me to carry out foreign schemes of long projection, in both the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. The talent and energy of my natural helper have resulted in vastly extended operations, both at home and abroad. At home our connection with the great Midland Company has been extended and consolidated, the central office has been twice transferred, first to 98, Fleet Street, and subsequently to Ludgate Circus; branch offices have been opened in the Strand (No. 445) and in the Euston Road; also at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast; besides Continental offices in Paris, Geneva, Rome, Brussels, and Cologne, with numerous subordinate agencies, and an office in Cairo.

At the request of the late Earl of Shrewsbury the opening of Alton Towers to the public was negotiated and supervised by my son, and we have for several years sent to the grounds an average of from 50,000 to 60,000 visitors each season.

Very extended arrangements were made with the Great Eastern Company for all kinds of ordinary and special tickets for Belgium, Holland, the Rhine district, and all parts of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria. Irish tours were rearranged, Scotland was partially restored to us, and many successful excursions were made to and through the Lowlands and the Highlands.

Early in 1863 I visited Switzerland, and co-operated with the French and Swiss companies in organising a system of circular tickets from Paris to a few central points. I afterwards mapped out a system of circular tours, covering almost every part of that country, and as these were the first circular tours

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established there the contract was held for ten years, after which it has been twice revised, but not improved, by the railway authorities.

From Switzerland, at the close of the season of 1863, I first crossed the Alps, and came into Italy to make proposals for excursions and tours—a double system—in this land of natural beauty, art, and music. My first plans, as in most other countries, were for the organisation of large excursion parties, for whom I got very great reduction of fares, on condition that there were not less than fifty in a party. This led to the inauguration of a series of tourist tickets, which combined most of the railways completed in 1864 with steamboats and diligences. These were the first circular tickets issued in this country, but on the purchase of the chief lines by the *Alta Italia Società* these tickets were withdrawn to be substituted by a new system, for which we are recognised as English, American, and other national agents. In 1865, through many difficulties, I got my first party to Rome and Naples, and for several years our way was through brigand-infested districts, when military escorts protected us. We took advantage of every newly-constructed railway, until now every part of the peninsula is accessible, and Cook's Tours are known through the land, besides which we have an extensive system of ordinary travelling tickets.

To facilitate ordinary travels in France, in combination with or independent of circular tickets, we were permitted to frame tickets of our own, available from Paris to all chief points in the south of France, and to the Swiss, Italian, German, and Spanish frontiers. Our tickets for Lyons, Marseilles, Heyeres, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Vintimille, afford facilities of travel such as the ordinary tickets of the company cannot give. These and many other excellent Continental arrangements were the work of the third decade of our tours.

Liberated from office obligations, in November, 1865, I made my first long-projected trip to America, with the view of establishing a tourist system there. I carried a large budget of "letters of commendation" to railroad authorities from John Bright, Sir Samuel Morton Peto, W. E. Forster, W. Chambers, and a host of railway chairmen, managers, etc. My proposals were cordially accepted at New York, Montreal, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other centres of lines of travel. I did not then find an existent circular ticket on the American continent. A little had been done spasmodically in the excursion line, but anything like a systematised scheme of tours was unknown. I completed my plans over 4,000 miles of railroad at a uniform rate of two cents a mile, and thousands of tickets were prepared. In the following May my son started with an excursion party to give practical effect to my arrangements, but jealousy and competition of companies and agents defeated my purposes and destroyed my hopes. In the following winter my son again crossed the Atlantic, with the view of promoting travel to the Paris Exhibition. He thought he had laid his plans securely, and several great companies promised their aid in giving effect to the arrangements; but our plans were again thwarted, after printing thousands of posters and tens of thousands of explanatory bills. The information benefited others, but left us unremunerated, and we abandoned all further attempts until after the termination of the decade now under review.

Returning from the West (I had notified my intention of making Eastern arrangements as early as 1849 or 1850) I had given my attention to Eastern tours, and had made a special journey to London to confer with the late James Silk Buckingham, Esq., on Oriental travel. From him and from other quarters I had collected valuable information, and whilst attending the Paris Exhibition of 1867 I wrote lengthily on my purpose of visiting the Orient to sound the way for future operations. In 1868 I made my exploratory trip to Constantinople, Beyrout, Jaffa, Alexandria, and Cairo. I settled plans of tours to the Nile and Palestine, and returned to advertise them. The response was at once prompt and extensive, and in the following early spring I had over thirty ladies and gentlemen with me to the First Cataract, and in two parties over sixty for Palestine, all of whom afterwards visited Ephesus and Constantinople, and some of them Athens also. The next year was equally successful, in addition to which I took a party to the opening of the Suez Canal. I reserve for the notes of the Fourth Decade further remarks on Palestine tours.

It was during this Third Decade that I projected and inaugurated a system of hotel coupons as an appendage to travelling tickets. My object in this was to get fixed prices for various classes of accommodation at a number of selected and reliable hotels in each principal city and other place of Continental resort. This I had tried to accomplish by cards and other means, but it was not until the thought occurred to me that each class of accommodation might be represented by a special coupon, to be used together or apart, that I saw my way to a satisfactory check and solution of many little difficulties. That plan was brought out in 1867, and has stood the test of over ten years. It now applies to over 300 hotels in Europe, besides a large number of houses in America, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, etc. It provides for paying for hotel accommodation in connection with payment for travelling tickets, and many thousands of travellers have expressed their approval of the system.

AN INDIAN BOARDING-SCHOOL.

THE following extract from a letter shows that female education in the East is making advance, under private as well as official superintendence.

About a twenty minutes' drive from Calcutta there is a pretty spot called by a name which reminds an Irishman of his own country, Ballygunge. The place itself, however, is eminently Indian. Although so near to Calcutta it has much of the jungle look about it: banana-trees, the fan and date palm, and the graceful bamboo, form a perfectly Oriental brushwood, cleared every here and there to make room for an Indian bamboo hut, that simplest of dwellings, whose inhabitants are evidently troubled with no English notions of domestic privacy, while above all the beautiful cocoanut-palm waves its broad pendant foliage.

This is a spot to which now the eyes of all those interested in India and its future ought to turn with interest, for in the midst of the jungle and the Indian huts, with pretty naked babies playing round them, with pariah dogs prowling round them, and

surrounded by many other evidences indicating a somewhat backward state of civilisation generally, is situated a house which is the hope of the vanguard of the party known amongst Anglo-Indians as "Young Bengal," and not misnamed, for its components are mostly young Bengalee gentlemen who are fighting a hard fight against the prejudices of

dimpled her cheeks and made her look most unlike a disciple of Euclid, that she liked mathematics better than anything, and that she meant to try to "go up" in September. It is not only mathematics, though, that is taught in this school. There is a nice kind English lady as head-mistress, who trains the girls in household duties and orderly ways of life,



NATIVE FEMALE SCHOOL AT BALLYGUNGE, BENGAL.

their own countrymen and the general apathy of the ruling race.

In this house is the only existing boarding-school for Indian girls. The number of the pupils is small, only sixteen at the time of my visit; the funds in the hands of the committee which is striving to prepare good wives and mothers for future India is inadequate to meet the expenses entailed by even these few scholars, and the members of it have to supply for immediate wants from their own purses. It is not that the scholars do not contribute to the maintenance of the school, but in India, as yet, few of the rich care to send their daughters to any school. The most enlightened class is the middle class, and even amongst this class there are more fathers who have to be tempted and coaxed to let their daughters be educated than fathers who care to pay for their education. Hence the committee has been obliged to fix the fees at a ridiculously low figure.

It is an odd school this, quite out of one's English ideas of a school; there is a little girl of four years of age in it, and there is a widow of four-and-twenty and another widow in her teens, and other child-wives who were married as babies (fortunately for themselves) to boys who now are "Young Bengal" men, and who pay for their little wives' schooling, so that when they take them home to themselves they may be wives indeed. Two of the girls are ambitious of other things than of being married, and are bent on taking advantage of a late regulation of the Calcutta University, and intend to present themselves for examination there. One of them, a soft-eyed shy-looking girl of sixteen, dressed in a way that reminded me of the Roman stola, and with masses of black curls hanging over her shoulders, nearly took my breath away by saying with a smile that

and this is perhaps the most truly useful part of the work that is being done. It is difficult in England to realise the difficulties against which this little school is struggling. The school from which this one sprung was reared by Mr. and Mrs. Phear (who are now in England, but whose memory is held dear by all those who now care for the Ballygunge school). Little about it is known to any of the English in Calcutta, and I am sorry to say that, with the honourable exception of Lord Northbrook, who, when Governor-General, gave it a handsome donation, and of one lady who is on the committee, there are no English subscribers. I cannot but think that if it were largely known in England that in our Indian dominions there is a small band of men who, regardless of being treated as outcasts by their own fathers and mothers, regardless sometimes of being refused admittance into the houses where their wives and children are kept secluded from them by relatives who regard their touch as pollution, regardless of the want of sympathy shown generally to them by the English in India, are yet fighting manfully for the improvement of their country by means of the improvement of its women—if this were known, such a school as that at Ballygunge would not lack English sympathy and support. Mission schools may have the first claim on English Christians, and it is Christian sympathy alone that gives unselfish help in such matters. But there may be some who are willing to assist native Indian gentlemen to establish educational homes not dependent on charity, but to be supported by school fees, as in our English boarding-schools. Volumes might be written with regard to the fight going on now between the powers of darkness and light in India, and yet many of its phases would still remain a secret to English

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men and women, for it is difficult to appreciate difficulties that arise from a state of society utterly unlike what we are accustomed to.*

SIR W. STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

WE gladly reproduce the generous tribute paid to William Stirling-Maxwell by Richard Monckton Milnes. It is truly *laus a laudato*. Lord Houghton's remarks appeared in the "Academy":—

Scotland has lost her first man-of-letters. He died, after a few days' illness at Venice, on January 15. He was in the habit of travelling without a servant, and the only particulars known of the sad event have been transmitted by Mr. Rawdon Brown, a habitual resident in that city, well known for his researches in connection with an interesting portion of English history, who fortunately was his personal friend. I use the word "man-of-letters" designedly, in distinction from that of scholar or writer. Sir William's scholarship was that of the ordinary liberal education of our time, retained and cultivated in maturer years. His style of writing was not especially good, and exhibited little, if any, of the wit and liveliness which distinguished his conversation; but as a man who made literature the employment, the pleasure, and the consolation of his life, who used his great wealth and free time in collecting interesting material to be used by himself or others in accurate representation of the history of the past, and who loved to associate with men of intellectual culture in those relations of perfect equality and mutual respect which alone give to such society its full meaning and utility, his loss will be severely felt, not only in his own country, where literary tastes are so widely diffused, but in all our most important departments of letters and art. Having in his early years lived a good deal abroad, especially in Spain, he was little known in London till the appearance of his work on "Art and Artists in Spain," a singularly serious and careful production for a first literary effort, for such it may fairly be considered, notwithstanding the publication of a volume of verse, which rather indicated literary taste than poetical ability. It was mainly a judicious compilation of matter carefully drawn from original sources, and confirmed by large personal observation. The book has not been reprinted, and has become almost a bibliographical curiosity. Had the author lived we might have expected a revision, which would have made it a chief authority on that interesting period of art. "The Cloister Life of Charles v" was another product of his studies in the Peninsula. That great historical figure seems to have deeply struck his youthful imagination; we owe to this impression the costly reproduction of almost all that the art of the engraver has done to transmit to posterity the deeds and legends of the Emperor who fills so large a space in history, down to the ghastly reality of the sarcophagus in the Escorial opened by Mr. Layard. There is another extensive work which he then projected, and which, I fear, remains to this day unfinished, although it is known that the author lately announced its speedy completion—"The Life of Don Juan of Austria." A large number of im-

portant prints have certainly been engraved, and the public will await with anxiety the intimation of the state in which the letterpress has been left.

In all Sir William's historical studies there was a happy combination of interest in events and their artistic delineation; and, without his being himself what is called an artist, his fine and precise drawing much aided the reality of the impression. This talent was especially useful in matters of heraldry, in which he was remarkably proficient, and to which he attached great value, as a clue to the personal identifications of the past. His wealth, early inherited, and largely augmented in after years, enabled him to bring about himself a magnificent collection of historical material; the Spanish library is unrivalled in Europe, even in public institutions. But although eminent in this branch of study, he did not indulge in it to the exclusion of others; the history of his own country had its full share of interest, and he could discuss the everlasting subject of Mary Queen of Scots as abundantly as Mr. Burton or Mr. Hossack.

This is not the place to speak of him in his relations to local affairs, in which his participation was especially valuable, both for its own sake and as a proof that an active country gentleman is not the worse for being something more. His shorthorns and Clydesdales were in their way quite as famous as his books. In party politics he took little interest, though a good deal influenced by personal considerations wherever he conceived there had been a breach of private honour or an act of public iniquity. He bore a deep ill-will to Lord Palmerston for his condonation of the *coup d'état*; and his hatred of Louis Napoleon, whom he regarded as the inheritor of the principles of the Bonaparte family, broke out into a reproduction of the documentary evidence of Cantillon's attempted assassination of the Duke of Wellington, a crime which was approved and rewarded in the will of Napoleon I.

Though a charming and generally cheerful companion, Sir William exhibited the melancholy side of the humorous temperament even antecedent to the two great calamities that befell his later years. Having remained long unmarried, he attained but for a short time the possession of full domestic happiness, when he lost by a disastrous accident a wife whose admirable nature thoroughly sympathised with his own. In the middle of last year he was united to a lady whose friendship he had long enjoyed, and with whom he might have looked forward for years to come to a community of tastes and interests. She was struck down a few weeks after marriage, and he, affected in health and hopes by this pressure of calamity, shortly followed her.

There was one distinction in Sir William's character which will remain prominent in the mind of his sorrowing friends: an unconsciousness not only of his own importance but of his own deserts, that I have never seen in any other man who had a rightful claim to anything. I remember Mr. Rogers remarking of some young man whose modesty had been praised, "I don't see that he has anything to be modest about." Sir William's modesty was simply the absence of any thought of self; he probably knew as well as others the extent or even superiority of his own attainments, but he never thought about it; he was quite ready to give information when wanted, and to serve in any way for the extension of knowledge to any one else or to bodies of men. He

* Further information can be obtained from Miss Manning, Secretary of the India Association, 35, Blomfield Road, N.W., or Mr. Dass, 1, South Circular Road, Calcutta.

would address a Scotch University as simply and naturally as he would talk to a dinner-table. Thus his public speaking was rather below the mark, as he did not give to it the requisite study and concentration. It was in the same spirit that he received any honour that came in his way, and some surprise has been expressed that he assumed a Baronetcy which came to him under such a peculiar title that doubts of its validity might be entertained. But he examined the subject with the same historical impartiality that he would the devolution of a Spanish *grandezza*, and accepted it at once after the legal confirmation of the Lord Advocate of Scotland. Thus, again, he was undoubtedly gratified by the offer of the Order of the Thistle—an all but peculiar appanage of the Scottish peerage—being tendered to him by the same Prime Minister who had offered the Grand Cross of the Bath to Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and thus by an act of the executive abrogated the supposed exclusion of literary merit from the decorations conferred by the Crown. He has left two young sons by his first wife, Lady Anna Leslie-Melville, to transmit a name which English literature will retain, and which has been very dear to his own generation.

Varieties.

ENGLISH REIGNS.—Queen Victoria this month commences the forty-second year of her reign, and it may interest some of our readers to be reminded that she has now attained a very high rank on the roll of our kings for length of reign. "Dry-as-dust," writing to a morning paper, says:—"Having lately passed Henry VIII and Henry VI, she now stands fifth in order, being still junior or inferior only to Elizabeth, and the three long thirds, Edward, Henry, and George. Of our early English or ante-Norman kings, no other reigned so long as Ethelred the Unready, but his 38 years are already exceeded by our present sovereign's forty-one years. Elizabeth's reign, from the death of Mary, November 17, 1558, to her own death, March 24, 1603, lasted 44 years and 126 days; so that Victoria has to reign three years and 126 days beyond to-day before she will equal her great forerunner. Then will remain only Edward III, 50 years and nearly 5 months; Henry III, 56 years and 19 days; George III, 59 years and 3 months. But, of course, even these long reigns look short by the side of the 72 years of Louis XIV of France. Probably no two successive kings of any country reigned over so long a space of time between them as Louis XIV and Louis XV, who from 1643 to 1774 made up together 131 years, or on an average of rather more than 65 years per reign. How long will it be before France enjoys or suffers 131 consecutive years of rule under two persons, or even under two forms of government?"

KEBLE.—Why did not John Keble disappear, like the poet parson of Bemerton, as soon as he had done his mission? Why enter the Promised Land and then go back again to pass forty years in a great and terrible wilderness of political and theological controversy? In the poems themselves a few Ithuriel touches here and there had sufficiently disposed of the world, and left the writer still in his own element. If he was not to be rapt altogether from human ken, he might at least have remained the model clergyman all love to read of and sigh to see. He might have ministered weekly, or daily too, in the homely, unpicturesque church, over the tombs of the Cromwell family, where Heaven had strangely cast his lot. He might have been the visiting angel of many a pious household. But he was treated much as England might, perhaps, be expected to treat a supernatural agency. He was utilised and walked out for every possible purpose. He had to preach factious sermons and make disloyal protests. He was set to translation, the very grave of originality. With a style of punctuation that interfered with the telling power of his oral delivery, he checked every comma, colon, and full stop in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." Almost till his death he was belaboured by a circle of sturdy worshippers to write a commentary on the whole of the Bible. There was no kind of drudgery that was not thrown

upon him, and since the Church of England boasts a collection of seventeen thousand hymns, he was expected to add at least a thousand more. Thus in a Purgatory of dulness was the light of Keble quenched. His fate is not, indeed, so deplorable as that of Ken, who wrote folios, and survives in ten stanzas. The "Christian Year," with all its faults—and they are many—will survive as long as that Church or its language lasts. Happily, all that Keble ever wrote after will be forgotten, as if it had never been.—*The Times*.

THE DIVINE WORD THE GROUND OF FAITH.—In the memoir of Charlotte Elliott, the author of "Just as I am, without one plea," and other well-known hymns, it was stated that she was, during the early period of her Christian life, much depressed and sad. Dr. Cesar Malan, of Geneva, then met her. As a skilful spiritual physician, he carefully probed the wound, and led her to the true remedy for all her anxiety—namely, simple faith in God's Word, directing her attention to such passages as the following: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And again: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And again: "He that hath the Son hath life." Whilst he thus showed her the fullness and freeness of this blessed Gospel, he also, with his own peculiar earnestness and tenderness, impressed upon her the guilt of "making God a liar by refusing to believe the record that He hath given of His Son." The Spirit of God accompanied his teaching. The burden was lifted off that weary spirit; and from that ever-memorable day, her spiritual horizon became for the most part cloudless.—*Memoir of Charlotte Elliott*.

ARTISTS AND PICTURES.—The correspondent of an American paper, after describing the Royal Gallery at Dresden, which contains the Madonna of Raphael and other celebrated pictures, speaks of the odd contrast there is between these pictures and the artists who copy them. "The copies are all very well, many of them excellent; but those who do the work are often such rough, unkempt-looking creatures, that one wonders where the artistic feeling can lie hidden, or if they own a mirror. I have several times watched a little man in the gallery here, who is making a copy of a charming saint. As he touches her auburn hair with the golden shade, or paints her clasped hands, so soft and fair, he bobs his head from side to side, and his funny little eyes and nose are most comical, and sometimes he hops off the little platform on which he works and runs round for another view, so that I can think of nothing but a monkey. But we can excuse much in men of this sort, that in a woman cannot be pardoned. If a woman is in any degree an artist, she should begin with herself, and make her presence attractive. There need be no adornment—the less the better—but a certain fitness, beginning at the head, where something more than a peck of hair seems necessary to satisfy the taste of a German lady. It is strange to see an artist and a lady painting one of these Madonnas, whose fair hair is simply bound and every fold of the drapery she wears is graceful and correct, while her own locks are crimped and piled on high, and the contrasts of colour in her 'costume' make you shiver. But all are not so. The artist friend I left last week in Berlin was herself a picture, and I saw in her hazel eyes the power not only to copy, but create."

SUDDEN DISUSE OF STIMULANTS.—The Rev. T. H. Chope writes from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon:—"It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of eighty-two summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin, which she changed for beer previously to reaching her eightieth year. She suffered from occasional attacks of gout in her left hand, and also a running foot-sore. Upon her reaching the age of eighty—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termination of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints; and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic regimen. She is in her eighty-third year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farm-yard without any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian."